

The most saving grace in the history of humanity is and has been the religions of our race. Nymphas adhered strictly to the principles and commandments of the Latter Day Saints religion. The famous Word of Wisdom was first taught as a promise of health and strength by Joseph Smith, the Prophet. "You shall walk and not be weary, run and not faint, if you will abstain from all hot and strong drink." Tobacco, tea, coffee, and many other articles of food in temperate practice were included in this famous Word of Wisdom and its promise. The early Mormons did not adhere strictly to our present Word of Wisdom. To indulge in a little spree, or a big one, was not considered a breach of their religion in principle. This famous Word of Wisdom was given by one of the later prophets as a Commandment of God.

Cider, brandy, wine, tobacco was never taboo with Sally Stacy Murdock. It was Nymphas's duty to fill her clay pipe, light it with a coal from the fireplace, and hand it to her while she worked at the loom. Thus, he learned to smoke, much to his mother's discomfort. His indulgence with her as a child in brandies, toddies, home-brew, etc., also added to her disapproval. Late in her life she blamed herself and exacted a promise from Nymphas that before his death he would stop all these indulgences which he had so legitimately learned.

After the family was established in Charleston, from

the ranch and the store they prospered. Nymphas Coridon Murdock; Sarah Melissa Barney Murdock; their son, Joseph R. Murdock; the second wife, Esther Maria Davis; Eunice Louisa Murdock; Alva M. Murdock; and Ella M. Watson Murdock is the Nymphas Murdock family as I knew them. Fred Murdock and Melissa Murdock died with diphtheria at Charleston.

Nymphas was chosen Latter Day Saints bishop of the Charleston Ward. He presided for twenty-eight or thirty years. When the people and their religion became more modern, some of his ward members were dissatisfied. He was reported to his stake president, Abraham Hatch, for breaking the Word of Wisdom. The complaints were duly considered, and those who complained were told, "Will you please inquire for me what kind of grog Bishop Murdock drinks; I should like to buy a quart and present it to each Bishop in the Church. Perhaps it would arouse them to a sense of their responsibilities."

Poverty and Indian troubles during the Black Hawk War made the ranch life difficult. Nymphas became an Indian-fighting soldier. The Indian raids became troublesome in the Black Hawk War. They stole a number of his cattle and horses, and Nymphas with his neighboring ranchers went on numerous scouting expeditions; other companies of ranchers and citizens did the same. Nymphas and his companions stopped to eat lunch. While they were resting, a company of



Scouts from Heber City looked down on them from the top of a ridge. These approaching scouts could not see them clearly and mistook them for Indians and began shooting at them. Nymphas was wounded in the leg. This mistake almost cost Nymphas his life, but distinguished him as a Black Hawk Veteran.

He saved, worked, and prospered, and all who were with him, or near him, did the same. His judgment and reason were unusually good. Many people sought his advice and financial aid. He gave both freely. Nymphas was scrupulously honest. He paid his debts and insisted that his debtors pay theirs.

He was released from the bishopric of the Charleston Ward and ordained a Patriarch in the Latter Day Saints Church. He gave Patriarchal Blessings to his children and grandchildren and many other church members who requested him to do so. He financed and superintended the building of the Charleston Amusement Hall, and when he left Charleston to reside in Heber City, in 1908, he gave to the ward the amusement hall for the church, which since has been remodeled and improved; but the building Nymphas gave to the church is still their public meeting house. He donated liberally to any community service or building program for improvement.

He built fourteen homes during his lifetime, several in Salt Lake City, one at American Fork, and others in Charleston. His last and fourteenth home was built

in Heber City. It was equipped with electric lights, bathroom, city water, golden oak mantles which encased two tile fireplaces, and a telephone was installed. The lights, bathroom, and city water in the Heber house were his first and only modern conveniences.

Nymphas would always hesitate to use the telephone. His wife would never use it. She said, "It makes me feel as if I were talking to the dead." One cold winter morning, Nymphas arose early as usual, lighted the customary fire in the kitchen stove. The water jacket had frozen, and a few minutes later a terrific explosion occurred. Stove lids were hurled to the ceiling. Soot, ashes, and water covered the kitchen. Nymphas and Melissa were dressing peacefully, close to the kitchen stove, but both were unharmed. They were very cautious about lighting a fire in the kitchen stove the remainder of their days.

Each morning at five o'clock, and always before seven, he would arise, and everyone who was within calling distance arose also. His days were filled with energetic and useful work. He was always proud to say, "When I die, I will have ten years of work planned." When the family would wail because of the ranch work, he would say, "I would rather be a big toad in a little puddle than a little toad in a big puddle. That is why I left Salt Lake City." Another morsel of his favorite philosophy was, "Take all the wool from a sheep each year, but don't hurt the skin; it will bring another crop next year. Moral: do not